

This is Neptune

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Summary: This is Neptune, nothing is an accident.

1. Chapter 1

****Summer Before Senior Year****

After the night from hell, she is laying in her bed when there is a knock at the door.

She gets up, her body already feeling stiff to answer it.

"I was hoping it would be you." she says opening the door.

"Logan?"

He faces her, revealing that he is very bloodied and battered. He collapses into her arms.

She gets him inside and he tells her that Weevil and the rest of the PCHers caught him, alone, on the bridge.

"What were you doing on the bridge?" she asks softly.

"You had dumped me and accused me of killing Lilly. I was drunk off my ass and not really thinking. I knocked Weevil out with a kick to the face and next thing I know, his cohort, Felix and company pull me onto the road. To beat me to the mess in your lap."

"You're lucky to be alive."

"Not so sure about that. I must have passed out or something because next thing I know I am laying on the ground, holding a bloody knife. Felix... dead beside me."

She just looks at him in shock.

"I didn't stab him."

"I..I believe you." _I want to believe you._

"I threw the knife into the water and got in my car and drove."

"Logan..."

"I know. It's all over the radio. My dad killed Lilly." tears to fall down his face.

There is another knock on the door.

She gets up slowly to answer it.

This time its Leo.

He tells her that he's looking for Logan and saw his car outside. He says it will be easier if she lets him in.

Upset, she opens the door to reveal Logan on the couch.

Leo walks in and reads Logan his rights.

* * *

><p>To make her dad happy she starts working at The Java Hut.<p>

"Veronica, you have a customer. He asked to sit in your section."

She sees that its Duncan.

"Hi." she says awkwardly. "Haven't seen you around much."

"Yeah, just got back from Napa, helping Celeste open up the house. She and dad are moving there. I am going to be staying here, at the Neptune Grand. Don't want to do Senior year at a new school.

"Veronica, your boyfriend is here." the manager says coming over to her.

She turns around and sees Logan.

Logan and Duncan barely acknowledge each other.

She and Logan kiss in greeting.

* * *

><p>Logan is coming out of the courtroom, being bombarded by the press. There are crowds of people there with signs, protesting.<p>

He gets into the limo where she is waiting. She takes his hand in hers.

The motorist that probably saved Logan's life by calling 911, disappeared before they got there. The cops never found the knife.

Logan's high-priced lawyers crushed the bikers.

** Weren't the bikers there to kill Logan? Didn't he have the bruises and broken ribs to prove it? If Logan did stab Felix, wasn't it self-defense?**

The DA decided there wasn't enough evidence and Logan was released six weeks after he was arrested.

* * *

><p>They are making out in Logan's truck.<p>

"My dad is probably watching us through a telescope." she mutters when they break to take a breath.

"He's probably impressed with your virtue." Logan says trying to pull her back into his arms.

"...And that telescope is mounted on a rifle." she jokes.

"Five more minutes." he mouths out the window.

"You should feel lucky. I mean, you could be out here with some pretty boy jerk just lookin' to get laid." he says kissing her.

"Wait. What are you saying, you're not pretty?" she smiles against his mouth.

"What I'm trying to say is, I'm in love with you." Logan says seriously.

"The things guys'll say to get past second base..." she says pushing him to lie down on the seat.

She thinks nothing of the motorcycle noise, until a shot is fired and Logan's window shatters.

* * *

><p>She came to school to visit him at lunch, since he had to take summer classes since he missed a majority of his finals thanks to his and his father's arrests.<p>

They walk toward the parking lot.

Dick and Beaver get out of Dick's car. Dick goes out of his way to be friendly to Veronica. They open the car trunk and pull out several gasoline cans.

"We're all set. Everyone agreed to meet up at the Sac 'n' Pac." Dick says.

"What are you doing?" she asks.

"We are going to burn 'Pan Sucks' on their football field." Logan tells her.

The next morning, her dad is the one that tells her that somehow the community pool somehow caught on fire during the night. Its going to be closed for the rest of the summer.

* * *

><p>She takes a deep breath and takes Logan's hands in hers.<p>

"I can't do this anymore. I can't be with you when you are acting like this. Things between 09ers and non-09ers are getting worse. I'm scared that someone is going to end up dead."

"Someone already died. Everyone thinks that I did it. My friends have my back, why don't you?"

"I think you are enjoying this..."

Logan gets up from the couch and smashes a lamp.

"My mother is dead, my girlfriend is dead, my father is a murderer, and the only person left that I care about is dumping me." he yells at her.

Her dad rushes into the room and holds Logan in a lock up against a wall.

He tells him not to talk to her like that and to never come back.

* * *

><p>Senior Year

Normal. That's the watchword. Sounds good, doesn't it? Senior year begins tomorrow and all appears hunky dory. Best friend? Check. Lilly's killer behind bars? Check. Regular job? Check.

"Kelvin Moore." she says with a smile.

"I just got kicked out of athletics for my entire senior year. I failed the mandatory drug test." Kelvin tells her.

"So what's new, Kelvin? You failed it last year, too, if I remember correctly."

"Yeah, but I'm clean now, for goin' on ten months." he states.

"I promised my dad. I don't do that kind of work anymore."

"So who's supposed to help me out, then?"

She shakes her head and turns to go back to work.

"I guess it's true what they say about you then, huh?" Kelvin calls after her.

"Probably, but you're gonna have to narrow it down for me." she says facing him.

"That last year was just some act. You got to pick sides these day..."

"Time for you to go." Cervando says coming up to them.

"I'm leaving. You know, its funny every 09er passed their drug test." Kelvin says.

Cervando doesn't say a word to her, just goes back to work.

I don't care. He's a bully that karma finally caught up with.

"Veronica. Your dad is on TV." the manager says getting her attention.

Her dad is being interviewed by Julie Chen about the book he co-authored about Lilly's murder investigation, called _Big Murder, Small Town_.

"Your dad's hot." the manager remarks.

Shaking her head she takes the remote and turns the TV off.

* * *

><p>"Hey you." she says coming up to Wallace.<p>

"You didn't call me back last night." he states.

"Sorry, did a shift at the hut and ran to the office to work on filing by the time I got home I was ready to crash. What's up?" she says as they walk.

"I failed my drug test. I'm booted from athletics for the whole year."

"You don't do drugs." she says stopping.

"No duh, Sherlock. And it wasn't just me. Five of us, total, failed ... and Jimmy Day, our starting quarterback, he passed it. And everybody saw him blazin' one up down on the boardwalk."

"Crap. I heard that every 09er passed." she says.

"That's where you are wrong."

"Huh?"

"One 09er did fail."

"Who?"

"Meg. So you'll help?"

"Do you even have to ask? Just when I think I'm out, they pull me back in..." she mutters.

* * *

><p>Wallace explains the drug test procedure to her.<p>

"You do your business in a cup and hand it to the person administering the test. They seal it with a piece of tape and make you sign the tape. Then they send it to a lab to be tested. If the seal is broken, they're supposed to reject it."

"Okay so that means that no one can do a switch there." she thinks for a moment. "Hey, what period do you have office aide this year?"

"Believe it or not, I didn't sign up for a second year of office aide."

"Yeah, that doesn't work for me." she says sitting down.

"Well, you can take that up with Moms. She had these crazy ideas about me havin' a well-rounded education. But, don't underestimate me. The master key. Yeah. And I got all the administrative passwords I could get my hands on."

She smiles as he hands them to her. "Oh good job."

"You know, I get all my criminal tendencies from you. What are you going to do now?"

"Try to figure out what you and the others that failed have in common. Got any enemies you know about?"

"Well, there's the Klan." he jokes.

"This is not really their M.O." she snarks.

"I guess that leaves everybody that hates _you_." he says grabbing his stuff and headed to class.

* * *

><p>She goes over to talk to Kelvin about the case.<p>

"Guess things are different, now that your boy failed his test, huh?" Kelvin snarks.

"So, and I mean other than me, can you think of anyone who would want to do this to you?" she asks.

"No. People love me." Kelvin states.

"No, they don't. You pick on the weak and helpless."

He thinks for a moment before answering. "This kid, a sophomore, they call him Butters. You know, he was climbing the pegboard in gym class before PE last year. Tryin' to show off. It pissed me off."

"So?"

"So I pantsed him! It was hysterical!"

She rolls her eyes and snaps his photo.

* * *

><p>She talks to each of the kids that failed.<p>

Jilly tells her that her dad is getting sued by Boatloads of Fun Corp. Seems her dad leased a house to a group of families that call themselves "Boatloads of Fun" and they include Steve Wacker's parents and that group. The roof leaked in one room, so they want all of their money back.

She snaps Jilly's picture.

* * *

><p>Next she talks to Viet, who tells her that he beat out Jennings Crawford for number one singles last year in tennis. Jennings threw a fit, and his parents even tried to have the coach fired. There was a school board meeting, and they brought in Ilie Nastase to testify that Jennings was a better player than Viet.<p>

She snaps Viet's picture.

* * *

><p>She takes a deep breath before going over to Meg. "I heard that you were kicked off the cheerleading squad."<p>

"Yeah, but you know me, I'm a major stoner. It was really affecting me, too, I was like, "Let's go! Let's go! L-E-T-S...duh..." Meg snarks.

"Can you think of anyone who might have done this to you?" she asks completely uncomfortable.

"Well, there is this one person. I used to think she was a friend, but, uh...but yeah, yeah, now that I think about it, she'd have no reservations and she definitely has the talent to pull it off. Let me know if you have any luck tracking her down, 'kay?" Meg says before walking off.

Yeah, should have expected that. Of course she is still upset about Duncan breaking up with her. I didn't have anything to do with that but as far as Meg is concerned I am the woman that took her man. Even though I am not with said man. Duncan did try but I have changed too much to get caught back up in the drama of Duncan Kane.

* * *

><p>She has looking into to the failed tests when Wallace bursts into her room.<p>

"Know what else I found out today? This failed drug test goes on my permanent file. Any college I apply to is gonna see it." he tells her.

"Well, if you would've taken another year of office aide we could've done something about that file." she tries to joke.

"Yeah, 'cause this is _my_ fault. Did you learn anything today?"

"Kelvin Moore, while giving up his pot-smoking ways, has not given up being an obnoxious jackass." she states.

She finds out that everyone that failed were there when Kelvin pansted Butters.

They walk out of her room.

"I'll talk to Butters tomorrow." she says as her dad walks in.

"I know a 24-year-old floozie who thinks you're hot." she jokes.

"This floozie, did you get her digits?" Keith asks.

"Hey, all right now, don't make me have to go home and tell my mama." Wallace says.

"Wallace, your mother and I have an understanding." Keith says in all seriousness.

"You do?" she asks.

"Yes, and it's this: I behave myself, and she doesn't leave me. So please, tell her nothing, other than I worship the ground on which she treads." he says.

"I'm leavin' now." Wallace laughs as he grabs his stuff.

"The ground on which she treads. You might want to write that down." he says pleading with a grin.

"Got it." Wallace says leaving.

"So. Senior year. How was your first day of school, honey?" he asks sitting down.

"Great. I beat up a freshman, stole his lunch money, and then skipped out after lunch." she says with a smile.

"What, no premarital sex?" he asks shocked.

"Oh. Yeah. Yes. But don't worry, Dad ...I swear you're gonna like these guys."

"That's my girl." he says as she gives him a hug.

"I missed you."

"Ah, I missed you too. Now where's my turkey pot pie, woman?"

* * *

><p>"Butters?" she asks coming up to him.<p>

"'Butters' is the name of the weak, loser suck-up on _South Park_. 'Butters' implies soft, fat..."

"But oh so delicious." she snarks.

"My given name is Vincent."

"I hear you were pantsed in gym last spring, Vincent."

" Are you requesting a private viewing?"

"And now, the guy who pantsed you and all the people who might have chuckled end up kicked off athletics for the year. Curious."

"Justice. It can be a bitch."

"You're playing a dangerous game. Kelvin will take your head off if I tell him you're the reason he's off football this year."

"You know what? I don't think he will. Hey, Pop." he says as Mr. Clemmons passes them.

"Son."

well shit.

* * *

><p>She and Wallace get into the office to look at Wallace's permanent file.<p>

"Permanent files are in that brownish-beige filing cabinet." Wallace tells her.

"I can't believe after a year of working here you don't know the make and model of the filing cabinet." she says taking out her keys.

"Yeah, it is hard to believe. Usually, memorizing that information is the first thing I do when I enter a room containing a filing cabinet."

Thinking, she searches Clemmon's desk and finds the key that she needs.

"Scary, isn't it? The lax security? What if someone was trying to alter your permanent file?" she snarks.

"We're trying to alter it, right now."

"Alter it _back_. There's a difference." she states.

"Alter it back. Cool. I was wondering where we were drawing that ethical line this year."

She looks closely at Wallace's file and compares it to other ones. She assumes the results were overnighed to Clemmons and his son altered them before he saw it.

The negative and positive drug test results are in different ink and have full sentences, not just a checkmark. There are no eraser marks

or white-out, and they were all signed by Jim Chimory.

"So there's no alterations, there's no forgery..." Wallace asks.

"So it appears."

"So I'm screwed, basically."

"Unless...the results were accurate." she says with a look in her eyes.

"Yeah, mon. Maybe I smoke so much ganja, I don't even remembah doin' it." he says with a accent.

"Eat any mystery brownies lately?"she questions.

"Spirit b...!" he covers his mouth. "Spirit boxes! The day of the Back to School Athletics Banquet, there were spirit boxes in our lockers. There weren't any brownies in there, but there were cookies."

"Did you eat one?"

"I ate six."

"That's my Wallace. I'll stop at the drugstore on the way to my house. Meet me there." she says grabbing her stuff and making it appear like they were never there.

"I'll follow you."

Yeah, ever since Logan was released Neptune became a different place.

* * *

><p>"Are you done yet?" she asks knocking on her bathroom door.<p>

"It is never going to happen if you keep doin' that!" Wallace yells though the door.

"I see. Stage fright? I'm making you nervous. Well, according to the box we only need a few drops and it'll test for cocaine, steroids, pot..." she stops as her dad walks in.

"What's up, honey?" he says with a grin.

"Wallace is having a little trouble giving me a urine sample." she tells him. "Can you give him some pointers?"

"Wallace?" Keith calls out.

"Yep."

"You try turning the water on?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Also, pinching your own nipples can sometimes work."

"Aaaahhhh, man!" Wallace calls out.

"Gross!" she exclaims

"Honey, it works!" Keith says.

"I can barely even look at you now."

"I can't believe how squeamish you are." he says as she kicks him out of the room.

She is able to do the test.

"Your clean. Which means that Butters didn't mess with the cookies and we are back to square one." she says sitting on her desk looking at the white board she has up with everyone that has failed pictures.

"Well, its going to be a bad year for Neptune."

"Why do you say that?"

"Everyone that failed are the star players."

"Who replaces them."

Wallace lists several students, including Steve Wacker.

"Dad, can you come here." she calls out.

He comes into the room.

"If I know the name of a corporation, how do I find out the names of its shareholders?" she asks.

"You get the strangest homework in health class." he says.

"Can you keep your trap shut if we tell you why we need it? No running off and telling your girlfriend."

" Agreed."

"Wallace has been kicked out of athletics for his entire senior year for failing the mandatory drug test. But Wallace is clean. See for yourself." she says trying to hand him the test.

"Ah...I take your word for it." he says and moves to her computer.

After telling him the name, he looks up Boatloads of Fun Corporation. All of the shareholders are the parents of the students who would replace the starters.

All except the Days, which explains why their son's drug test was negative.

* * *

><p>"So what's the plan?" Wallace asks her.<p>

"We're gonna scare 'em."

"How is that gonna help me?"

"Well...it'll be fun. I'm going to send all the parents an email from the lab tech that signed off on the test and request a meet. Don't worry, you'll be back on the team in no time."

The new journalism teacher, Ms. Dumass interrupts them to ask for a permission slip.

"She's taking anyone from newspaper, yearbook, and broadcast news class who wants to tour Shark field tomorrow." she explains to Wallace when he looks at her strange.

"Wow. I can't believe _you're_ going." he jokes.

"I like baseball."

"Yeah, but you don't like people."

She opens her mouth to deny it but just laughs instead.

"Oh, I get it. Normal is the watchword. See ya later, supafly." he says grabbing his stuff and leaving.

She collects her bag and leaves.

She falters slightly when she sees Weevil and some of the PCHers.

Normal...like having two friends pissed at you.

She walks past them, feeling their eyes on her.

If looks could kill.

* * *

><p>A couple tells her that they're meeting Jim Chimory at work that night.<p>

She shows them to a table where several other partners from Boatloads of Fun Corp. are sitting.

She approaches Clemmons and asks him if he's heard enough.

He pulls out an earpiece and says he has.

* * *

><p>She joins the others as they get on the bus. She passes Meg, who glares at her.<p>

Dick and Beaver just ignore her.

Duncan tries to show that he has room for her to sit next to him. She passes and sits down next to Cervando.

"Ummm..." Cervando.

"It's safer sitting with you. Don't worry it won't ruin your rep to sit with me for a short amount of time." she says softly.

"If Weevil..."

"Does Weevil know that you work with me at the Hut? Or that you have followed me home to make sure I am safe?"

"No..."

"It's okay. I get it. I'm on his..."

Cervando just smirks and they start talking about work.

"Miss Dumbass!" Dick yells.

"It's 'du-mahs,' Dick." the teacher replies.

"Well, my name's pronounced 'Ree-shard,' and it stinks back here." Dick states.

"You can come sit up here by me."

"Nay, I'm good." he says sitting back down. He turns to Duncan only to see him staring at Veronica.

"Dude, let it go. Hey." he says hitting his shoulder. "Who's the lovely young flower blossoming into womanhood?" he asks pointing out a new girl.

* * *

><p>Woody Goodman talks to the students. He is the owner of the Sharks baseball team and is running for mayor of Neptune. He thought his daughter should attend the public school because of this. He wanted to host the field trip so his daughter, Gia, could get to know some students. Newspaper was her favorite thing in her private school.<p>

"Hello. Friend." Dick says moving close to Gia.

***"Hello. Okay, so far, working." Gia says standing up. "Okay, just so everyone knows, I don't always dress like this. I didn't know if you guys were doing, like, relaxed beachy, or the West-Coast-wannabe-East-Coast urban, so FYI, it's not a statement. I'm just doing the new-school-blend-in thing."

She stays by Cervando nearly the entire time as they get food.

Other than this, work is really the only time they hang out.

She had been surprised when he started at the Hut until he explained that he was trying to help out his mom with the bills.

They had an unspoken agreement not to mention Felix, Logan or Weevil and it worked out.

They see Terrence Cook, a famous baseball player, talk to Woody.

She notices Dick talking to Duncan before he goes to talk to Meg.
Wonder what that is about?

Terrence gets some food.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cook?" she says going over to him, Cervando not far behind.

"Yes?"

"I just wanted to say you are my dad's favorite baseball player, ever. He keeps your rookie card vacuum-sealed inside a safe."

"Well that is an honor. Tell him thanks for me." he says shaking her hand.

"When my dad finds out about this, he's not gonna let me wash this hand." she jokes seriously.

* * *

><p>Seems Dick being himself, got a limo to collect him and the other 09ers.<p>

She isn't surprised that Meg joins them in the limo when she realizes that she is on the bus.

* * *

><p>The bus pulls into a gas station and Ms. Dumass says they have five minutes.<p>

She comes out of the store and swears that she hears her name called. She turns around, and Lilly's ghost runs behind the store.

She follows and finds Weevil there with his motorcycle. He isn't happy to see her.

Cervando looks out the window when Ms. Dumass asks if everyone is there. He sees Weevil talking with V and with a smile calls out that they are all there.

"What are you doin' here, huh? Shouldn't you be running for homecoming queen or something?" Weevil remarks.

"I'm safe standing here, right? I mean, you're not going to shoot me, are you?" she retorts.

"Surprised you're not with one of those rich white boys."

"You don't know everything, there's a shock." she scoffs.

"I know that Logan killed Felix and got away with it because he's rich and white."

"Six of your boys jumped him. Broke his ribs and gave him a concussion. Yet somehow he wrestled a knife away and killed Felix?"

"I was there..."

"You were out cold."

"What Felix stabbed himself?"

"Somebody did."

"It wasn't one of my boys. Nothing goes down without my say so."

"So you knew that one of your boys shot out Logan's car window while I was in the car."

He just looks at her and clenches his jaw.

"Are you sure that you're still in charge?" she asks.

She turns to go in time to see the bus drive away.

She turns back to Weevil who gets on his bike and drive away.

She pulls out her phone and starts dialing Wallace.

"Mars." she looks up to see Weevil returned and is holding out a helmet.

* * *

><p>They are riding for a bit when they see the limo pulled off to the side of the road and notice what looks like smoke.<p>

Getting off the bike she runs to join Duncan, Meg and the others.

"It went straight off the cliff. They're all dead." Gia cries.
"They're all dead!"

She doesn't know why she does it but she turns to Weevil and wraps her arms around him.

She hears him whispering to her in Spanish, at the moment he could be calling her every name under the sun and she wouldn't care as long as he keeps his arms around her.

This is Neptune, nothing is an accident.

2. Chapter 2

A/N All recognizable dialogue belongs to RT-RT sandbox I am just creating chaos

Chapter Two

If a school bus, traveling forty miles per hour, drives off a cliff and plunges ninety feet into the jagged coastline, how many seconds did the five high school students, their teacher, and bus driver have to contemplate the fact that they're about to die? Two Mississippi's worth of screams, life flashes, and prayers, maybe? i just wish the prayers had worked.

"Veronica, go home." her manager says coming over to her. "No one seems to be able to concentrate. I'm closing early."

She nods and goes to collect her bag thankful. Everyone has been messing up orders today and more than once she ignored customers waiting to be seated.

"Ummmm..Veronica, right?" she hears behind her.

"Yeah." she turns to find Cervando's mother. She had seen her a couple times when she had dropped him off.

"Hi..." she says nervously putting her bag over her shoulder.

"I wanted to thank you." she says clutching a box of Cervando's things from his locker.

"Thank me? I..."

"My _mijo. _He talked about you all the time...How you treated him like a person not ..." she starts to cry.

She maneuvers the woman to one of the tables and sits with her while she cries.

"I'm sorry we're closing." she hears the manager saying to some girl that is at the door. Turning she watches as the girl tries to come in.

"Oh, but you're still open, could I get a macchiato?"

"Sorry but..." the manager starts.

"Look you're still open and I am the customer." the girl snarks.

"Well I am the manager and I say I am closed so you are out of luck." she says turning around ignoring the girl, whose mouth dropped open.

She smiles softly before turning back to Cervando's mom. Not knowing what to say she just holds her hand and lets her cry.

* * *

><p>She enters the bathroom the next day and the bus driver's daughter is there.<p>

"You know who I am?"

"Yeah."

"Did you know who I was last week?"

"Not really..."

"I doubt you'll do this but I want to hire you."

"What?" she turns to face her.

"I want you to prove my dad didn't commit suicide and take our classmates with him."

"I...don't know what to say."

"See, I have a mother and a little brother. We've gotten use to having a place to live and food. Insurance companies don't pay out if it's ruled suicide."

"I wouldn't even know where to start."

They are interrupted by some 09er clones.

"Hmmm, I'm surprised you are even showing your face around school. If I was you I would run and hide..." whatever she was going to say next is cut off when Jessie punches the girl. She pulls her off and agrees to help.

"I'll help, okay. Not sure where to start but I'll help. So, you need to chill."

* * *

><p>After school, the two of them go to the crash site, which has become a memorial.<p>

Stooping down, she helps a man light a candle.

"I guess my dad doesn't rate a votive candle." Jessie snarls when she comes over to her.

"Jessie..."

"If you were on that bus, you would want your pile to be the biggest." Jessie cries out getting other peoples attention.

She pulls her back to her car and they leave.

* * *

><p>She drops Jessie off at home before running to the office to run Jessie's dad through the search sites.<p>

Unfortunately her dad has nothing in his history that she can find that would help prove he didn't drive off the cliff on purpose.

Back to square one.

* * *

><p>She's working on her homework when her dad comes home with Chinese food for supper.<p>

She gets plates while he turns on the TV for some background noise.

They hear a woman's voice on the TV talking about the bus driver. Duane, a worker at the gas station convenience store, tells the

reporter that Ed behaved oddly when he came into the store. He bought some things, started to leave, then came back, bought a St. Christopher medal, and threw it away.

"I can't imagine where I'd be if you had gotten back on that bus." he tells her.

"You'd be sad for a while, and then you'd probably turn my room into some sort of sewing nook or yoga studio." she jokes.

"Veronica..."

"I wonder what else he bought. If he got some Red Bull or something like that it would mean that he was tired and might have gone off the road because he fell asleep."

"Honey, this isn't something that you are going to be able to make sense of."

"I know his daughter and she wants to understand this. I'm going to try to help." she says. _Not just for her but for me too._

* * *

><p>She isn't surprised that Weevil is at the convenience store when she gets there the next day.<p>

"V." he says coming over to her as she gets out of her car.

"Weevil..what are you doing here?"

"I know you. I've seen you talking with the driver's daughter. What are you doing here?"

"Honestly."

He nods.

"Jessie wants proof that her dad didn't kill himself and take Cervando plus everyone else with him. I want this to be an accident." she says softly.

"Umm.. I didn't realize that you and Cervando were friends." he says rubbing a hand over his head.

"We didn't really talk outside of work. He was loyal to you but he was nice to me. Made sure I got home safe more than once."

"I knew he was working just didn't know where." he says rubbing the back of his neck. "You okay?"

"Just have lots of conflicting emotions lately."

"Like what?" he asks.

"I feel grief for everyone that lost someone, guilt that Cervando was on the bus and joy because I'm alive." she breaks down slightly. He steps closer to her and after debating, places his hands on her arms

and runs his hands up and down her arms.

"Okay, time to work." she says moving away from him otherwise she isn't going to want to move.

They head in and the first thing they find are crash souvenirs. Weevil turns and goes back outside. _Don't blame you..._

She is trying to keep her anger under control when her phone starts ringing.

"Hey, Wallace."

"What you doing?"

"Remembering why I'm a misanthrope. They're selling souvenirs. Crash souvenirs."

"You okay?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Did you need me for something"

"Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it myself."

Taking a few deep breaths to get herself under control she goes over to the counter where the same worker, Duane is working.

She talks to him and asks for the bus driver's last meal, which was a Slurpee and bag of peanuts.

Noticing the no change sign and payphone she figures out that he needed change for a call and bought the cheapest thing he could get.

Who did he call, and why doesn't anyone know about it?

* * *

><p>She walks out of the store to find Weevil waiting by her car. Holding his hand.<p>

"What did you do?" she asks noticing that his knuckles are bruised.

"Nothing." he says shrugging his shoulders.

"Whatever you say. You okay?" she asks softly.

"Been better. Find anything?" he asks standing.

"Possible. Have to go check something out. I'll see you."

He nods and walks off as she gets in the car.

* * *

><p>She pretends to be filling out an application for a receptionist position at the station and when she convinces Sacks to leave her alone She gets access to the payphone records.<p>

She has luckily gotten everything she needed when Lamb burst in and pulls her out.

* * *

><p>She goes to see Jessie.<p>

"Your dad made a call to someone named Cotter. Whoever they are live nearby."

Jessie doesn't recognize the name.

Sheriff Lamb shows up with a search warrant.

* * *

><p>Wallace shows her an article about Cervando the instant she walks through the door of Sac-n-Pac.<p>

"That annoys me." she says reading the article "He cried when he first saw 'Stand and Deliver'. God, this is utter bullshit." she says reading the article quickly. "I know none of PCHers or his mother have talked to any reporters, where did they get this junk?"

"I overheard some girl talking about him in homeroom. This new girl was eating it up..."

"Yeah, and blabbed what they thought they knew for a couple minutes of fame."

"Don't worry about it, supafly. Making any progress in your case?" he asks.

"Maybe. In fact I am on my way to see the people that he called. Hopefully they will be some help. See you later." she says throwing the paper in the trash as she leaves.

* * *

><p>Jeff Cotter answers the door.<p>

"Hi, I was wondering if you know Ed Doyle?" she asks.

"I know who he is, but I didn't know him." he replies.

Dammit.

"Ed called your house about 15 minutes before he drove off the cliff." she tells him.

"I wasn't home. Carla!" he yells turning.

Carla comes to join them at the door.

"You remember getting a call from Ed Doyle?" Jeff asks.

"No but we did have a wrong number it could have been that day."

Her phone starts ringing so she thanks them and leaves. She's not

that far when she answers her phone.

It's Jessie.

"Veronica, you can stop now. Lamb found a suicide note on my dad's computer."

She doesn't even think and rushes over to Jessie's.

* * *

><p>Jessie lets her in on to find her mom screaming at the little boy on the couch.<p>

"Stop crying for him! He didn't care about us!" the woman yells before stalking out of the room.

Jessie comforts her little brother before sending him out to play.

She pulls the note out of her pocket and reads it to her.

"I'm sorry to leave you this way but I truly believe in my heart that it's for the best. I can't go on like this. I can't stay just for the kids even though they mean more to me than anything. This isn't good for them."

That doesn't sound like a suicide note.

* * *

><p>She goes back to the Cotter house and finds Mrs. Cotter.<p>

"If it was a wrong number, why did it last for four minutes?" she asks.

"I..."

"I think that Mr. Doyle was going to be leaving his wife and kids for you..."

"Come inside." she opens the door and has her come inside.

* * *

><p>She convinces Jessie to meet her at the Hut.<p>

"What's going on Veronica?" Jessie asks.

"There's someone I want you to meet." she says and the two of them walk over to Carla.

"Carla, this is Jessie."

"Hi...you look just like your photo." Carla says.

"Veronica..what's going on?"

"I loved your dad...and he loved me. He called me to tell me that he was running behind but he would meet me that day." Carla tells

her.

Jessie just stares at her.

"He didn't want to leave you and your brother with your mom...he loved the two of you so much." Carla says as she starts to cry.

Jessie is upset, but sits down.

"I wish I had been a little more selfish. I didn't get enough time with him." Carla tells Jessie as she walks away.

* * *

><p>She gets home that night to find her dad cooking supper.<p>

"What's the occasion?" she asks with a grin.

"I am going to be running for Sheriff." he says putting the food on the plates.

"Really!?" she asks.

He nods and she excitedly cheers before giving him a hug.

* * *

><p>Senior year. College applications due in three months, scholarship applications in six. Since most of my extracurricular activities cannot be divulged under state law, my guidance counselor, who just happens to be my dad's ex, strongly suggested I indulge in a little resume packing. So as of now, Veronica Mars is a Future Business Leader of America.

She enters a classroom just behind Meg as Mr. Pope introduces Mr. H. Richard Casablancas, C.E.O. of Casablancas Enterprises.

Oh joy... Both my ex-boyfriends and other people that hate me.

Meg sits down next to Duncan, who pulls her desk close to him before kissing her.

"I think I just lost my appetite." Logan scoffs pushing the rest of his lunch away.

Ditto..

Big Dick talks to them about real estate. He explains the principle of real estate investment trusts, or REITs, where smaller investors pool their money to buy a share in property.

She looks through the Casablancas, Inc. brochure and notices the Sandpiper Hotel, a high-class, expensive piece of real estate.

"Here's a chart of our market capitalization versus earnings over the last two years. Now how's that look?"

"Awesome." Duncan exclaims.

It looks like it's always looked, the rich get richer and everybody else hopes for scholarships.

* * *

><p>"Veronica, hold up a minute." Beaver calls out to her.<p>

"What's up, Beavs?"

"You still looking into things for people?" he asks.

"Why what's going on?" she asks stopping to look at him.

"I think my gold-digging stepmom is already cheating on my dad."

"Really? What makes you think that?"

"Found a condom wrapper in the living room."

"Could have been Dick's or..."

"Dick hates condoms, he gets that from dad. It's not mine so that leaves Kendall."

"There a prenup?"

"Of course. I'll pay you a grand to get a picture of her violation her prenup."

"I'll need her schedule." she says as he reaches into his pocket and pulls one out.

"Figured."

* * *

><p>"Ten o'clock brunch with other trophy wives. Twelve o'clock Pilates class. Three o'clock spa reservation for Shiatsu massage, organic enzyme facial ... Maybe I should consider a career as a Neptune trophy wife." she mutters looking over the schedule as she walks to her car at the end of the day.<p>

She stops when she sees Deputy Sacks in her way. Leaning against a cruiser.

"Lamb wants to ask you some questions, Veronica." he says opening the back door.

"My answer has not changed from last time. I will not go to prom with him." she snarks as she gets into the car. She notices Sacks try very hard not to laugh.

* * *

><p>"So I guess you know why you're here. You wanna tell me about it?" Lamb says staring at her.<p>

"I confess... I have no idea why I'm here." she snarks. "Though I'm sure my dad will like to know that you just ordered me here for no reason."

"You're eighteen now, kiddo. You're an adult. I don't need to get your daddy's approval."

"Well at least one of us is an adult. So are you going to tell me why I'm here, or should I see if my mind reading powers have finally awakened."

"What can you tell me about your relationship with this man?" Lamb says placing a open file on the table.

"Don't have one." she asks looking at the guy, that she saw at the cliff when she went with Jessie.

"You sure about that."

"I helped him light a candle at the bus memorial but I wouldn't call that a relationship."

Lamb holds up an evidence bag. "Missing an earring?"

"Not a diamond kinda girl." _Looks familiar though, where have I seen that before?_

"This was found outside the Road Hog, a known biker bar...the last place Curly here was seen alive."

"What does that have to do with me?" she asks.

Lamb shows her more pictures: one of Curly's body and another of Curly's hand with "Veronica Mars" written on it.

"He washed up on the beach, beaten to death with your name on him. Still don't think this has anything to do with you."

She looks at him in utter shock.

It's official, hell has frozen over, because Lamb might actually be right about something.

* * *

><p>She comes home to find her dad and Alicia on the couch.<p>

"Child in the room! Hands where I can see 'em." she jokes and heads to her room quickly.

* * *

><p>She turns on her laptop and looks up Kendall and Curly.<p>

_Kendall Lacey Casablancas. Use to be Shifflet. Just another college dropout turned music video background dancer turned Laker girl living off a ten thousand dollar a year salary, a purse full of credit

cards, and a string of boyfriends. Until a twice-divorced white knight swept her away to bimbo paradise. And for a true Hollywood story without the happy ending, David "Curly" Moran: one time stuntman who crashed his career in the '80s. _

"So what's up, kiddo?" her dad asks before he enters the room. She quickly closes her laptop.

"None of your beeswax. ..." she says with a smile as he sits down. "So, now that you've filed the official divorce papers for Mom...are you taking Wallace's mom to Chicago to propose to her?"

"Honey..."

"Don't think I won't go through your luggage to check for a ring." she says with a grin.

"No ring."

"Promise bracelet? Pre-engagement necklace? Earrings? Anything that can be qualified as bling?"

"Honey, can't a guy just take his special lady friend on a romantic..."

"A guy, yes. You, no."

"I promise, as soon as Alicia and I know what the next step is, you'll know what it is. Okay?"

"Okay." he kisses the top of her head before heading out.

* * *

><p>She follows Kendall around. Making sure to snap photos when some random guy joins her for lunch.<p>

Kendall leaves the gym with the guy.

She continues to take pictures from her car as Kendall and the man go into a room on the second floor of a hotel.

* * *

><p>She sitting at the table during lunch when Wallace joins her.<p>

"What you lookin' at?" he asks as she closes the folder with the pictures she was examining.

"Work stuff."

He waves at Jackie, and she smiles and walks over to join them.

"You've met Jackie right?"

"We haven't been introduced. I just didn't know you were lunch buddies."

"I'm working for lunch buddies with privileges." he says with a smirk. "I like her, okay? Retract claws."

"Claws? What claws?" she says looking at her nails.

Jackie sits down, placing her food tray and book on the table.

"So have the two of you met?" he asks.

"No." Jackie says with a smile. She just smiles in return.

"No matter how many schools I end up at, I never seem to escape that." Jackie says pointing at the book, `_**Pride and Prejudice.**_`

`_`Alright, how's this for a wing girl.`_`

"You know I'm going to be renting the movie with Colin Firth and tons of Chinese food. The two of you are more than welcome to join me." she says.

Jackie accepts, and Wallace mouths 'thank you'.

* * *

`><p>`She sits down to take break with Beaver to show him the photos.`<p>`

"This doesn't work." he says frustrated. "Her and some guy switching bags isn't proof."

"Okay, load this with all the music she listens too. I have an idea." she says handing him a blank iPod that looks like the same one Kendall has.

* * *

`><p>`She pulls into the parking lot of Curly's work.`<p>`

`_`Please have left something that gives me a clue why the hell you had my name on your hand.`_`

"Sorry we don't service those kinds of cars." a guy says motioning to her car.

"I called earlier, Curly's niece."

"Yeah, this way." he says turning to have her follow him. He shows her a box on an empty area. "This is everything." he says before walking off.

Grabbing the box she leaves. Placing it on the seat next to her, she digs through. There are a few framed pictures in there, including one of Curly with Aaron Echolls. Aaron signed it saying, "All these years still on 'The Long Haul.'"

`_`So we have a a psycho in common, great.`_`

* * *

><p>She walks into FBLA and finds a seat as far from Duncan and Meg as she can get.<p>

Logan sits down next to her. _Yeah someone hates me._

"Congratulations! You are now worth exactly one million dollars." Mr. Pope tells them when he enters the class.

"What? You mean I've lost money?" Logan snarks.

"No, Logan. Every year I play a little stock market game with my class. Now, you may invest your money any way you see fit, as long as it's legal." Mr. Pope says looking right at Dick.

"The student with the most valuable holdings at the closing bell on June 1st will claim a small shiny plaque with his or her name on it and all attendant bragging rights. Also, anyone that can beat my income gets a cash prize."

"How much real money did you make?" Logan asks.

"Enough to retire in exactly nine months. I would've retired earlier, but actually, the, uh, the restoration's been tricky. We had to re-seal the hull.

"Didn't plug her right, huh?" Logan smirks looking right at Duncan.

Duncan just glares at him as Meg places her hand on his arm.

I don't think they are going to be friends again any time soon.

* * *

><p>"Hey come on in." she tells Wallace and Jackie when they get to her place that night.<p>

"Chinese food and a movie, my kind of night." Wallace says grinning.

"Any night with tons of food is your kind of night." she jokes as they sit down to watch the movie. Them on the couch and her in dad's chair.

They have just started the movie when there is a knock at her door. Pausing she gets up.

"Hey V." Weevil says coming in.

"Umm, what's up?" she asks.

"Can we talk?" he asks. "Privately?"

She nods and has him follow her to her room.

"Wondered what your room would look like. Kinda what I thought." he says looking around.

"Weevil, what's going on?"

"Normally I wouldn't care but I promised _Abuelita _that I would graduate this year... You're smart, could you help me?"

"In what?" _Not speaking for weeks and now suddenly you want me to tutor you. Stuff like this can give a girl whiplash._

"Everything." he says unable to meet her eyes.

"Can I think about it?"

"Yeah...sure." he says and starts to leave the room.

"We're watching _**Pride and Prejudice. **_It's part of English. Stay." she says swallowing.

He nods and they go back into the living room and she restarts the movie as he takes off his jacket as he sits on the floor in front of her.

"There's plenty of food left if you're hungry." Jackie says.

Weevil nods and grabs a container and starts eating. Leaning back so that his shoulders brush against her knees.

This is weird but I like it.

* * *

><p>Wallace helps Jackie with her jacket as Weevil helps her clean up.<p>

"See you later, Supafly." Wallace with a look in his eye that he wants an explanation.

She nods getting the message.

"Nice to meet you." Jackie tells her.

She just smiles as the two of them walk out.

"I got this if you want to head out." she tells him taking the empty containers out of his hands.

"_Abuela _would have my hide if I let you clean up on your own." he says putting the few plates into the sink. They work in silence cleaning the living room and getting the dishes done.
"V..thanks."

She looks over at him as he puts on his jacket. "For what?"

He just smirks and leaves, not answering her.

* * *

><p>This is a good time to catch her.

She gets off the treadmill next to Kendall. Knowing she can't hear her she starts making up a story to exchange the iPods.

"What?" Kendall asks taking the earbuds out of her ears.

"Sorry, my iPod is acting up but I'm not sure if it's the earbuds. So I thought since we have the same one I could do a quick test."

"Whatever, make it quick." Kendall says unplugging her earbuds and handing the iPod over.

Making the switch, she hands over the iPod with the hidden camera and walks off.

* * *

><p>She follows Kendall to the cheap hotel with the same guy.<p>

She picks up her phone and dials Beaver, only to get his voicemail.

"Made the switch, now it's up to you to grab the iPod and meet me at work tonight."

She takes her camera out again and snaps a picture of the hotel name, Sandpiper Hotel. _Oh shit _She pulls the Casablanclas real estate brochure out of her bag and flips to the page that had an expensive five-star hotel on it called the Sandpiper Hotel. She looks at the hotel again and sees the man leave.

She follows the guy to the county assessor office. Only to find out that the guy is the assessor.

* * *

><p>Feeling uneasy, she swings back to school and luckily finds Mr. Pope in his classroom.<p>

"What can you tell me about real estate fraud?" she asks walking into the classroom.

"Well it's hard to do since most people wont buy sight unseen." he tells her. "There are safeguards in place, such as a assessor making sure the property is sold fairly."

"What if you bribe the assessor?" she asks.

"You'll still need to find a buyer that has no clue what's happening. You could borrow against an inflated property to buy more property and inflate its value..."

"Sell your stock." she says pulling out the brochure and photo she just took of the Sandpiper.

"This has to be a mistake." he mumbles.

"I'm sorry. Get rid of your stock."

"I can't. I would have to sell it to someone and I can't do that to someone else."

Without a word she leaves him alone, hating her job at the moment.

* * *

><p>Taking a short break, she sits down next to Beaver and turns on her laptop.<p>

"I can't even see the camera." he says handing her the iPod.

"That's the point. Now there is going to be a lot of photos. I set it up to take a photo every fifteen seconds." she says taking it and plugging it into her laptop.

"Umm, Veronica." he says pointing out that people are waiting.

She leaves to take care of them while he continues to look through the pictures.

She's annoyed to find Jackie standing there with some random guy.

"Oh, hey Veronica." Jackie says.

"Hey Jackie. Just the two of you."

The guy nods and pulls Jackie closer to him. Clenching her jaw she leads them over to an empty booth.

"Veronica wait a second." Jackie says as she turns to leave.

Turning to face her, "Yes."

"Listen I just moved her. I'm having fun. Wallace is just a friend, he knows that." Jackie tells her trying to justify her being out with another guy.

"Alright, but the instant you become more than friends and I see you out on a date with someone that's not Wallace. We will have a problem, clear?"

"Crystal." Jackie says and turns to go back to her date.

She goes back over to where she left Beaver, not looking forward to telling him what she found out about his dad. Unfortunately, Beaver and the iPod are long gone.

She turns the laptop towards her to find pictures of a shirtless Logan with Kendall reflected in a mirror unbuttoning her shirt. _I really have bad karma._

* * *

><p>Once again hearing Logan's voice mail message she just barely stops herself from throwing the phone.<p>

* * *

><p>Pulling into the driveway, she's annoyed to see Logan's car. Not bothering to knock, she goes right in.<p>

"I love the changes you've made." she snarks when she looks around his bedroom, Logan standing in the doorway of his private bath.

"Yeah, well now you know what you missed out on."

"Is your little girlfriend still here?" she asks ignoring his remark about not having sex with him.

"Girlfriend, uh, you're going to have to be a little more specific." he says drying his hair.

"Alright, the one whose husband is gonna murder you when he finds out that his son's best friend is secretly screwing his wife."

"Oh, her. She's less of a girlfriend and more a...playmate." he jokes with a smirk on his face.

"God, Logan. What if I had been her husband? What would you have done? Just stand there in your towel with your room still reeking of his wife's cheap perfume?"

"Well I guess it's a good thing that I have an ex-girlfriend that cares so much about me." he snarks.

"It was a job, nothing else." she says turning to leave the house.

On her way out of the house, she stops when she sees several framed movie posters on the wall. She notices one poster of a movie called _The Long Haul._

What did Aaron write. 'All these years still on The Long Haul'. It had a stunt where a truck was sent over a bridge. Supervises by..David 'Curly' Moran.

"You know if this is storming out..."

She glares at him and walks out, quickly getting in her car and driving off.

* * *

><p>She pulls up in front of his house and sits in her car unsure why she came here.<p>

"Hey, V. You stalking me now." Weevil says leaning into her open window.

"It was me." she says as the tears start to fall.

"_Que_"

"The bus crash. It was meant for me. They're dead because of me."

He opens her door and pulls her out of the car. He wraps his arms around her as she cries.

****All recognizable dialogue/situations belongs to the creators
everything else is mine :)****

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He opens her door and pulls her out of the car. He wraps his arms around her as she cries.

She's not sure how long she stands there clinging to him.

"You want to explain." he says softly as she pulls away.

"No..." she whispers. "I need to go.." she says quickly getting back into the car.

"V..." he says watching as she drives off, rubbing a hand over his head. "FUCK!"

* * *

><p>A Few Days Later

Working on a weekend...Aww the things we do for the ones we love.

She works on getting her dad's files in order, otherwise they will be a utter mess. She looks around and smiles at the 'Vote Mars' posters that are everywhere around the office.

"I need a detective." a woman says as she rushes into the office.

"Right place but we're actually not open at the moment."

The woman, Julie says that she needs her dad to investigate whether or not her boyfriend, Collin, is cheating.

Her dad comes in as Julie is leaving.

"Ah, Keith Mars meet Julie Bloch."

Julie nods at him and leaves.

Her dad tells her that he is unable to take on another case since he is running for sheriff.

She fakes a call to Julie to make her dad happy.

_Dad might be too busy but I think I can pencil in some time to make

a couple quick G's._

* * *

><p>A the Hut, Julie tells her about all the signs of cheating that she has noticed.<p>

* * *

><p>The Next Morning Before School

Man this guy is boring. I think she might be a little off about him cheating.

She takes photos of him running laps when she gets a call from Julie.

Julie tells her about the number that has been calling him at all hours.

* * *

><p>She bumps into Wallace at their lockers.<p>

"So..my dad stay over at your place?" she asks opening her locker.

"Any doubt." Wallace says removing books from his locker.

"He pull the fake donut run?"

Wallace pulls the bag of donuts from his locker. "You want?"

Before she can answer, Jackie comes up and wraps her arms around him. "He's mine ladies. Back off." she says laughing.

She laughs softly at their antics and watches as they walk off. _Keep making him happy and I have no problems with you._

* * *

><p>"Hey V." Weevil calls after her as she heads to her car.<p>

"What's up?" she asks when he gets to her. _Please don't mention my breakdown...please._

"You decide about the tutoring?"

With a smile, "I'll help. So not to ruin your rep we can do it at my house or yours."

"We can do it huh?"

She rolls her eyes and notices that he is wearing hoop earring.

"What's with the hoops? If I give you a rub, will I get three wishes?" she jokes knowing exactly how it sounded.

He just smirks. "You give me a rub and you'll get more than three wishes."

****_Lose an earring ~ Lamb_****

"Where's that disco ball you've been wearing for years?"

"Maybe lost it in some chick's bedroom." he scoffs running a hand over his head.

"Really?" she snarks.

He just smiles that 'You know you love me' smile.

"I have a feeling it more likely in an evidence bag at the sheriff's office."

"Shit..." he mutters.

"Know a Curly Moran?" she asks as they reach her car.

"What's he saying I did?"

"Nothing..he's kinda dead."

"Shit. Okay...a couple weeks ago, I get this call that Curly was behind the crash. Told me he was hired by the Fitzpatricks to get at Cervando."

"Why the hell would the Fighting Fitzpatricks want with him?"

"Our boy had been going around bragging about how he hustled Liam Fitzpatrick out of a few grand down at River Styx."

"Oh god." she says remembering when he came in trying to tell her about a pool game. "All right, what did you do with the info?"

"Nothing." he says shrugging looking away from her. "The Fitzpatricks are meth-head lunatics, but they're not gonna kill a bus full of kids over a few grand. They would have come after Cervando with a baseball bat in a dark alley."

"You still have the number?" she asks. _I know you are lying but I know you're not a killer._

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out his phone and hands it to her.

"I tried call mystery dude back but it just rings."

She copies down the number he points out into her phone.

"You um...you still gonna help me with..."

"Meet me at my place tonight at eight. Bring your books."

He nods as she gets into her car and drives off.

* * *

><p>She follows Collin to a random house.<p>

Okay, this isn't tennis practice.

She parks far enough away to get photos and not be seen. She gets the photo of Collin and the woman who answers the door before he goes inside.

She uploads the photos to her laptop and sends them to Julie. Grabbing her phone, she call Julie.

"Hi Julie, it's Veronica. I just sent you an email. By any chance do you know anyone who lives at eighty-five-twenty Primrose Lane?"

"No..."

"Okay, I'm afraid that I got some bad news. Collin is not at his tennis lesson."

"What else?" Julie asks.

"That number you asked about...well it belongs to whoever lives here. Do you know the woman in the photo?"

Julie stays quiet.

"Julie?" she asks as she starts to hear whimpering. "Julie, calm down. I'll get more and call you. Okay?"

"Sure..." Julie says before hanging up.

That was fun.

She grabs her camera and creeps around the house, hoping to catch him in the act. She finds Collin getting a Hebrew lesson.

**Que**? Hebrew lesson?

Before she can take a photo, she hears a car tearing up to the house.

"Rut-Roh." she whispers seeing Julie get out of the car. She quickly goes to her and grabs her before she reaches the yard. "Julie! STOP!"

"He's cheating on me!" Julie yells.

"He's not cheating. He's with a rabbi."

"He's not Jewish. I'm Jewish." Julie exclaims.

She just stares at her. "You there yet?"

"Oh..." Julie says sitting down on the ground.

* * *

><p>"Thanks for this, V." Weevil says as he grabs his books and gets

ready to go.<p>

"No problem. I like Letty and I know that you are doing this for her." she says.

"She likes you too." he says. "Are you ever going to tell me why you think the crash is your fault?" he asks.

"Damn..." she whispers. Taking a deep breath. "Curly Moran knew Aaron. He worked on a movie, 'The Long Haul', had a stunt that..."

"Shit, I know that movie. You seriously think that Echolls had his old pal make the bus go off the cliff to get at you."

"No witness. No victim. No crime. He goes free." she says wrapping her arms around herself.

"I don't believe it. I know the man is insane but a bus full of kids to get one person. V...even if you were gone, Duncan saw the tapes too, right."

"Yeah." she says softly.

"You caught Lilly's killer. He is behind bars. The crash had nothing to do with you." he says sitting down next to her and placing his hand on her knee.

"I want to believe that." she says fighting the urge to lean into him.

"Well, I do. I need to get out of here before your dad comes home and kicks me out." he says getting up, grabs his stuff and gets ready to walk out the door. "Don't worry, V." he says before leaving.

* * *

><p>Unable to sleep, she lays in her bed staring at the ceiling.<p>

When her phone starts ringing, she doesn't even look she just answers it.

"Does he still love her?" the person on the other end asks.

"What? Julie?" she asks confused for a moment.

"The photo of the woman? Do you think he still loves her?"

"Julie...It's after two in the morning. The silver package has its perks but post midnight girl-talk is not one of them." she says running her fingers through her hair.

"Can I upgrade? What's after silver?"

"Psycho-stalker." she mumbles.

"Huh?"

"Gold..." she says sitting up. "It's three thousand."

"What...does it include?"

"Ummm, we dig deeper. Three months of internet activity, heavier surveillance. We set up a temptation scenario and see if he responds."

"Perfect. That's exactly what I want. And with the gold package, can you find out who that is in the photo on the bar?"

"Sure and Julie...there is a fine line between looking for a problem and starting one. Night." she says hanging up.

* * *

><p>She goes to school and calls her regular temptation girl to set up Collin and asks that she calls her back before the afternoon so that she can get this done today.<p>

"Whatca doing?" Wallace asks sitting down as she ends her message.

"Trying to set up a somewhat decent guy to see if he falls for the bait." she says. "You?"

"Got plans to study with Jackie after school." he says with a smile.

"Really?" she says with a smirk. "What?"

"Health..maybe Chemistry." he says with a grin.

Laughing softly, "Now are you bringing books to this study session or winging it?"

"Ha ha very funny. I like her, Supafly."

"Soo..just friends, dating, boyfriend and girlfriend. Give me something here." _'Cause I'm seconds away from running a background check on her...damn as bad as dad._

"She's my girl." he tells her with a smile.

"As long as she makes you happy, I'll be nice." she says with a grin.

"Thank you." he says with a grin.

* * *

><p>Knowing that Wallace was spending the afternoon 'studying' with Jackie, she tries calling Weevil.<p>

"Hey, you doing anything for the next hour or so?" she asks when he answers.

"Nope."

"Think you could help me with something. I can pay you." she

says.

"Where?" he asks. She tells him where to meet her.

Weevil is already there when she shows up.

"Damn, mama. What am I helping you with?" he asks his eyes undressing her. She was dressed in a shorter skirt than she normally wears, a white tank under a red sweater shrug, red fishnets and boots.

"Seeing if this guy takes the bait. Fiancee wants to know if he is a cheater." she explains putting a mic on. "Just need you to listen and record." she tells him handing him a recorder.

"If he don't take the bait...he's either in love with this chick or gay. Trust me." he says as his eyes roam over her body once again.

"Go." she says with a smile. She pretends to have a flat tire and goes to Collin's house to get him to help her. She attempts to seduce Collin, while he tapes, only to get turned down. Thinking on her feet, she convinces him to let her inside the house so that she can check his computer. She tries to seduce him once again, but he denies her advances. She copies all of Collin's files onto a hard drive, and Collin tells her that this is not his house-he is house-sitting for Nicolas Cage.

Weevil knocks on the door when he feels that she has been in there too long. Luckily the download finishes while he pretends to be an annoyed overprotective boyfriend.

"Get what you need." he asks when they are a little bit away.

"I think so." she says reaching into her bag and pulling out her keys.

"So, do you own this stuff?" he asks once again looking her up and down.

"Yeah." she asks.

"I need to do something please don't kill me." he says getting close.

"What...?" she's cut off as he pulls her against him and lowers his mouth on hers. She whimpers and opens her mouth just enough for him to slip in his tongue.

After what feels like hours but was more than likely just a minute he raises his head.

"You...why...huh?" she says breathlessly. _I think my brain just fizzed out._

Licking his lips, "Needed too."

"What?"

"You and I circle each other, have for a while now. One of us needed

to make a move and I knew it had to be me." he says brushing his mouth against her lips once more before moving away from her. "Let me know when you figure out if you want to explore this." he says getting on his bike and leaving her standing there.

* * *

><p>Somehow, she makes it back home and quickly changes before heading back to the office. Trying to ignore that little voice, which sounds a hell of a lot like Lilly, telling her to call Weevil and find out what they could be.<p>

She calls Julie to meet her at the office.

She is in the middle of letting Julie know Collin isn't a cheater and that the house he is in isn't his but Nicolas Cage's when her dad walks in.

And he is pissed. Julie leaves them trying not to break down.

"Dad..."

"Stop."

"Sorry."

"For taking the case or me finding out you went behind my back?"

"Both." she tries to joke. "Trying to save for college, what she wanted to spend was nuts to pass up. I thought that I could handle it." she tries to justify as she heads to her desk.

"Believe it or not, kiddo. At eighteen, you can't handle and get away with it all."

She turns and looks at him in confusion.

"Whether it's doing cases behind my back or tutoring known criminals in our living room or dating them."

She loses her breath and sinks into her chair.

"You should know that you can't hide things from me." he says as he enters his office and shuts the door.

Does that mean he's for or against it...

* * *

><p>A Couple Hours Later

She working on her homework when her dad enters her room.

"Alright, so I might need your help in the office." he says sheepishly.

"Really?" she asks shocked.

He just stares at her.

"Am I ever going to know what changed your mind?" she asks tilting her head at him.

"Nope. I'm just asking for help with the filing, research, phone, stuff like that...and you're still keeping your job at the Hut."

She raises her hands in acceptance. "Umm, dad?"

He stops mid turn.

"That comment about dating...?" she stands up trying to figure it out.

"What about it?" he asks narrowing his eyes at her.

She looks down unsure how to ask.

"As long as Eli treats you the way you should be treated. I'll be okay with studying and dating. Just remember, he is the leader of a motorcycle gang." without another word he leaves her alone.

Biting her lip, she turns back to her laptop. _Speaking of Weevil, this is a good a time as any to check out his mystery tipster._

She types in the info into one of her sites.

Maybe Curly was part of a plot to go after Cervando, doubt it but if he owed the Fitzpatrick's money... The call could have come from anywhere...

Her internal trying to rationalize this comes to a screeching halt when the pages loads.

Number belongs to one Aaron Echolls. Son of a bitch.

"You hate me don't you." she mutters under her breath and looks upwards.

* * *

><p>The Next Morning

She waits for Logan to come into the courtyard.

"Alright...I can't take the begging. One time but there will be zero cuddling and I won't call you the next day." he tells her looking innocent as can be.

"Ha...September twenty-fourth. Someone used one of your phones to call Weevil and let him know that Curly Moran was behind the car crash. The same Curly that's friends with your dad. Any comment?"

"My day is complete. Veronica Mars has accused me of evil." he says twirling an imaginary mustache. "Let's see, any comment. Yes, who the hell is Curly Moran and what makes you think my dad know him?"

"Stunt-coordinator for _The Long Haul _which starred your dad and a signed photo pf the two of them. September twenty-fourth?" she asks getting annoyed.

"How am I suppose...wait, that was the night of my Life's Short party." he says reaching into his bag and pulling out a flyer.

"Only you would throw a party after our classmates plummet to their death." she snarks.

"It was in their honor. Besides it wasn't just your social betters, your boy Weevil and his boys crashed it." he said starting to walk off.

"Which line did this number come from?" she asks holding out the number.

Turning, he barely glances at the paper. "I have like five lines in my house, you expect me to know them all." he scoffs before walking off.

Why did I date you? I can barely stand you right now.

* * *

><p>The Next Day

She quickly sneaks into class, luckily Mr. Wu has his backed turned so he doesn't notice her slipping into her seat next to Wallace.

"Mars to Wallace...you in there?" she jokes when he doesn't acknowledge her. "You doing okay?"

He doesn't answer just shakes his head.

"Okay people. Can I have your attention?"

The class quiets down as Mr. Wu turns and faces them.

"Homecoming season is upon us."

Like a plague. That wonderful time of the year where the popular vote for their own and act surprised when they are chosen. And every girl waits for that special boy to ask her to go.

"Each homeroom will be nominating one boy and one girl. The top five from each class will be this years royal court. The king and queen will be announced on Friday at the dance. Floor is open for nominations." he says spreading his hands.

"Don't kill be but I think you need some Pirate love." she whispers to Wallace before raising her hand.

"Veronica?"

"I'd like to nominate Wallace Fennel." she says cheerfully.

Wallace just looks at her in disbelief as the rest of the class echoes her suggestion.

* * *

><p>"Hey, what's going on?" she asks as Wallace sits down with her.<p>

"Just got a extreme shock. My dad showed up this morning."

"Wait..what?" she exclaims. _Last I knew your dad died..._

"Yeah, add that by ten and you know how I feel. My dad wasn't my dad." he says looking upset.

"I don't know what to say. Are you okay?"

"I'm not sure. My whole life..V...my mom has been keeping this from me."

"Did she give you a reason?"

"Yeah but I don't know what to think.."

"Do you want me to look into him, make sure there was a reason why she kept you from him."

"I'm not sure. Do you think we can keep this between you and me for now?"

"Of course." she is about to say more when Jackie appears.

None of them speak.

Glaring at them, Jackie stalks off.

"I need to go deal with that." he says getting up and chases after her.

She opens her notebook and tries to study, trying not to think about what her best friend is dealing with or the fact that she hasn't figured out what she wants to say to Weevil.

* * *

><p>"Ummm, what is that smell?" she asks walking into the office to work on the filing before Weevil showed up for tutoring.<p>

"A friend from sanitation called, one of his crews found those in a dumpster." he tells her pointing to a pile of posters.

She shakes her head and heads to her desk, grabbing the pile of files.

"So according to Woody's number guys, I'm ahead by twelve points. so lamb tossing my campaign posters in the trash doesn't bug me. Unlike him, I don't need to sling mud. So, what time is Eli getting here?"

"How..." she shakes her head laughing softly. "In an hour or so."

"Okay...don't be home late and um... let me know what happens." he says leaving, grabbing the pile of posters on his way.

She finishing up the filing when he gets there.

"So...we gonna talk about it or what?" he asks leaning against the door fame not quite entering the office.

"You mean you kissing me brainless." she says.

"Brainless. That's new." he says with a smirk moving away from the door and sitting down on the couch.

"How would this work?" she asks moving around the desk and sitting down next to him on the couch.

"The same way any couple does. We hang out, date, make out and..."

"No.." she ask biting her lips 'cause that sounds like a good plan to her. "Do we let everyone know that we're together 'cause I really don't want this to be secret."

"You want everyone to know that we're together." he says, a little surprised, taking her hand in his, entwining their fingers together.

"You don't?" she asks softly.

"I don't care if your dad and Wallace know but it would be nice to have some time for us to get use to being together before we announce it to everyone else."

"You don't want you boys to know that you are with me." she says staring at him and moving closer until she is pressed against his side. He lets go of her hand and wraps his arm loosely around he waist resting his hand on her hip.

"I'm the leader of a biker gang, V. I would rather not give those wanting to destroy me ammo by going after you. Sides how do you think it would look for your dad if it's known that we are together. Lamb would have a field day with that."

"So you want to stay secret to protect me and my dad...I can get behind that but the instant the election is over. I want a full make out session in the quad during lunch or in the parking lot that morning. I want everyone to know that I'm proud to be yours."

"That's one promise I will make happen." he says pulling her closer and moving her face towards his, covering her mouth for a full on kiss. She smiles against his mouth, happy.

* * *

><p>Walking into the apartment a few hours later she's not surprised to see her dad, standing in the kitchen.<p>

"So, what's the verdict?" he asks noticing that she hasn't stopped

smiling.

"We're dating...but we're going to keep it to ourselves until after the election. He doesn't want Lamb to use us together against you." she tells him sitting down.

"His idea?" he asks a little shocked and proud.

"Yeah...he doesn't want anyone to use me against him either. The instant you are announced Sheriff though is another story." she says with a smile knowing that he would be Sheriff.

"So...when is he coming over for the 'meet the parent' dinner?" he says with a gleeful smile.

She just starts laughing.

* * *

><p>The Next Day

She's reapplying her lip balm, since Weevil had kissed all of it off before he left when Jackie stalks in. _Good thing she didn't show up five minutes ago._

"What's going on with my boyfriend?" Jackie asks accusingly.

"He hasn't talked to you yet." she asks cursing stubborn male pride.

"No. Veronica, I know we don't get along..."

"It's family stuff. I promised him I would keep it between us. Just give him some time to figure things out." she says honestly.

"Okay..that wasn't the only reason I wanted to talk to you. Some stole my credit card and maxed it out."

"If you call the company they can erase the charges." she says putting her lip balm back into her bag.

"I did that...It's just that..."

"What is it?"

"My friend Cora..she borrows my stuff all the time. It doesn't bug me but I noticed my card was gone after the two of us went shopping. Yesterday, I found it in my car as it just magically reappeared. I don't want to accuse Cora but..."

"You want me to find out if she did steal it?" she asks.

"I'd like to find proof that she didn't. She was my first friend here next to Wallace. I printed out a list of the charges." she says handing her a print-off.

"Leather jacket, vanilla scented candles, iTunes, make up. So she hit every store at the Galleria." she says looking over the list. "Any clue what Consolidated Elemental Industries is?"

"No."

"Alright, first things first, we need to see if Cora has any of this stuff." she tells her, grabbing her bag and the two of them head to class.

* * *

><p>Wallace is shocked when his name is called for the nominating pool for homecoming royalty.<p>

"Okay how many people did you have to bribe with snicker-doodles?" he asks turning to her.

"Not as many as you seem to think. The people have spoken." she says with a grin as he leans back in his seat, a huge smile on his face.

* * *

><p>She talks to Cora and the two plan a trip to shop for homecoming dresses at an outlet mall after her dad's debate since she is taking photos.<p>

She hopes by getting access to her house, she can see if Cora has any of the things that were bought with Jackie's card.

So Homecoming dress..but no date. Oh well, show up to support Wallace then sneak out maybe see if Weevil wants to come over and watch some old horror movies about proms and homecomings.

* * *

><p>She tries not to notice that Duncan and Logan are actually talking or that Meg keeps looking back at her with a guilty face while she is walking to her car with Jackie.<p>

"Does this mean that's she's the thief since she had the jacket?"

"Well she did say that she got it at an outlet store. Let me make sure first. I don't want you to lose a friend over a false accusation. Trust me it sucks." she says just as Meg happens to look back, clearly having heard her.

"Alright." Jackie says when she hit her car and the break off.

* * *

><p>The Debate

Lamb is in full mode of hot air. Including bringing up that years ago her dad let Ed Doyle go even though he pulled him over for drunk driving. Even going as far to say that if he had charged him, the school wouldn't have hired him.

Which, of course causes, everyone to react.

She glares at Lamb as her dad falters.

You are going down you son of a bitch.

* * *

><p>She and Cora go outlet shopping.<p>

It becomes clear that she could not have stolen the card.

Back to square one, dammit.

* * *

><p>"Hey." She says picking up the phone.<p>

"Lamb is a real piece of work." Weevil tells her.

"I know." she says laying back on her bed. "I think...I hate Lamb. The crash wasn't even Ed's fault, he was planning on meeting his mistress afterward."

"V...Don't worry. People know that your dad is ten times better than Lamb."

"I hope so."

"So...I was wondering what are our plans for this weekend?" he asks.

"Well, I was going to do a drop by at Homecoming...just to support Wallace. Maybe afterwards we can get together and spend the rest of the night watching eighties horror movies." she says biting her lip.

"That sounds like a plan...Ahh, how would you feel if I went with you to Homecoming?"

"I'd like it a lot but..."

"I've already mentioned that I might do a pop-by to a few of my boys. I don't think they would think anything of it if we showed up together."

"Meaning you picking me up on..."

"Angel is letting me borrow his car."

"Just bring a change of clothes so you can be comfy afterwards."

"So you want to cuddle and get me out of my clothes, _querida_." he whispers softly.

"Maybe." she says blushing and hanging up.

* * *

><p>The Next Day

After the debate her dad loses his lead in the Sheriff's race.

Annoyed she sends a listening device to Lamb's office.

* * *

><p>"I don't know...She made him out to be some kind of psychopath." Wallace tells her as they stand at their lockers. "I mean, if he's so nuts how has he been able to stay on the police force all these years?"<p>

"Okay but if he's a cop, why did it take him so long to find you. As bad as it sounds, the one that sticks around is the one who cares." she says closing her locker. "But that's just me."

"I don't know what to think anymore." he mutters loud enough for her to hear before walking off.

Figure out best friend's girlfriend problem then help best friend with his.

* * *

><p>She goes to find the first place the credit card was spent. Turns out to be a psychic shop and she finds the candles that has been bought with Jackie's card.<p>

* * *

><p>"I just wish I knew how she got a hold of your card." she says scratching Backup's head since he is lying down next to her.<p>

"From me." Jackie says turning to face her on the floor.

"Really?"

"My gram passed away a few years ago and even someone pretending to be her, telling me that everything is going to be okay, makes me feel better."

"I can see that."

"Don't tell anyone okay. It's my secret. I'm sure you have a few."

She bites her lip, _Dammit...I need to talk about it with someone and maybe it will help her see that I'm not out to mess with her relationship._

"I got a good one." she says sitting up.

"Do tell."

"Weevil and I...we're trying..." she just starts giggling and smiling.

"You're with him." Jackie says stunned.

Nodding, "We're going to Homecoming together. Everyone else will

think it's just as friends." she says shrugging.

"Good kisser?"

"Logan and Duncan are the only ones I have to by. Amazing."

"Oh...I know how to get back at her. I'll go on her show."

"She has a show."

Jackie gets up and heads to the living room, she follows. She turns on the TV and puts it on the right channel just as 'Answers from Angels' starts.

"Everyone in school watches it." Jackie says shrugging.

Before Jackie leaves, the two come up with a plan for getting even with madame Sophie.

* * *

><p>She sits down at her laptop and downloads the file form the bug she had sent to Lamb.<p>

Veronica enters her bedroom. She heads straight for her desk and the laptop.

**"Mr. Cook." ~ Lamb**

**"Sheriff." ~ Terrence**

**"I was thinking that you should buy some tickets to our annual fundraiser. Ten bucks a pop." ~ Lamb**

**"Did you seriously call me down here to hit me up for a donation. Put me down for two." ~ Terrence **

**"I was thinking more lie a thousand tickets and that you could MC the bachelor auction." ~ Lamb**

**"That's a lot of money, Sheriff." ~ Terrence**

**"Ten thousand if my math is correct. I mean, it's not like it's three million. A debt like that someone might send someone to your nice house to remind you of it." ~ Lamb**

**"Point, Sheriff?" ~ Terrence**

**"I think I made it. I got a guy in holding who likes to talk. Told me that you did favors for someone who bet on baseball."**

"Why do you hate me?!" she calls out.

* * *

><p>Next Day

She talks to Michelle, the girl that was on Madame Sophie's show. She's able to figure out how to get on the show. Michelle lets her listen to a voicemail that her friend, Rhonda left her.

She forwards the message to her answering machine.

* * *

><p>She goes on the show and isn't surprised when she is called up.<p>

What does shock her is the message the psychic has from Lilly.

"She says you should have stayed away from her boyfriend. Both of them."

No killing, maiming but no killing...Dammit why do I have such bad luck with female friends

* * *

><p>She's sitting at her desk when Wallace comes in.<p>

Wallace goes to see her.

"Supafly, you okay?"

Keeping her anger in check, "Yeah..I.. Listen, Wallace, I'm okay."
I'm not going to add that everything you know is a lie by having your best friend and girlfriend at each others throats. She and I will talk at a later time

"So...you're seeing someone?"

"Kinda...how many people watch that show?"

"Most of the school but I doubt that anyone is gonna clue in that you're dating anyone. Everyone knows that Logan and Weevil were only two of Lilly's exs."

"Guess that will give them someone to talk about when Weevil and I show up at the dance together, huh?"

Wallace just starts laughing. "Need to go get ready and collect my woman." he says smiling, he gives her one more hug before heading out.

Not getting revenge...hard but for Wallace, I'll give her one freebie.

* * *

><p>"Wow, kiddo you look beautiful." her dad say when she comes into the living room. She wearing a black halter syle dress that stops just at her knees. She's slipping a grey knit shrug on.<p>

"I have something that you need to hear."

She plays him the message before the bus crash and both hear the explosion.

"Dad, you need to win. Lamb is not going to solve this."

"I know honey I know." He's about to ask something else when there is a knock on the door.

"Eli." he says opening the door to find Eli Navarro, in dress-pants, a button-down shirt, tie and his leather jacket.

"Sheriff." he says unsure if he should stay there or come in.

"Veronica, it seems you have a gentleman caller." he says over his shoulder. "Gentleman, right?" he says just loud enough for Weevil to hear.

"Yes, sir."

He moves aside so that Weevil can come in. "You're not riding your bike tonight?"

"My uncle Angel is letting me borrow his car." he says.

"Don't worry, we'll be back in a little bit. Mostly going to support Wallace." she says collecting her clutch purse.

"Tell Wallace I'm pullin' for him."

She smiles and the two of them head off.

* * *

><p>Homecoming

"I haven't seen Wallace or Jackie anywhere." she says slow dancing with Weevil. No one had seemed surprised or questioned why they had showed up together.

"Maybe their off hiding in a dark corner, making out. That's where I would like to be." he whispers the last part causing her to smile.

"If neither of us see him in the next fifteen minutes, you want to head out?" she asks when he pulls her as close as he dares with some many people around.

"I've been ready to go since we got here."

She looks around and is in utter shock when she sees Jackie trying to kiss Logan.

"I hate my karma." she mutters breaking away from Weevil and tries to get to Jackie quickly, praying that Wallace is no where to be seen. Weevil right behind her.

"Jackie!" she calls when she gets to them pulling Jackie off Logan. She turns Jackie to look at her and is stunned to see that Jackie looks stoned. "What are you doing?" she says just loud enough for them to hear.

"He dumped me. How many guys do you need?" Jackie slurs. "God forbid, someone have a bad opinion of you."

"What?! Jackie..." she notices Wallace over her shoulder. He shakes his head and walks off.

Weevil places a hand on her back before heading after Wallace for her.

"Jackie, I had nothing to do with the two of you breaking up. I didn't tell him, he didn't know that you knew about us."

"Why did he dump me?" she says starting to cry. She moves her to a table, making her sit down. "Go away, Logan." she says not bothering to look at him.

"Jackie?" Cora says joining them. "What happened?" she asks.

"Wallace and her broke up, I don't know what's going on?" she moves Cora away from the table for a moment. "I think she's on something. I can take her back to my place..."

"My date is being a jerk. I'll have her stay with me over the weekend."

she nods and lets Cora handle Jackie. She heads to find Weevil, hoping her found Wallace. She finds him outside at the car.

"Any luck?" she asks.

"No. He got out here first." he says shrugging. "Give him a call in the morning, let him cool off."

"Okay. Ready to go?"

He nods as they get in the car.

* * *

><p>"I'm heading to bed." her dad says as she's about to start the third movie.<p>

"Night dad." she says sitting down next to Weevil.

The instant they had gotten back from the dance, both of them had changed. Her dad was unsure about Weevil sitting in his living room in sweats and a beater while she was in yoga pants and a tank top.

"Night Sheriff." Weevil says putting his arm around her as she cuddled into his side.

"You heading out after this movie?" he asks.

"Dad..."

"It's okay, V. Yeah, I'll head home after this one."

He nods and heads into his room.

She waits until the door is shut before pulling his head down and kissing him.

"What was that for? Not that I minded." he asks.

"Understanding that my dad is still unsure about us and agreeing to leave when he wants you too."

"I respect your dad, V. Now lets watch the movie before I forget that I am on my best behavior right now." he mutters kissing her neck softly.

* * *

><p>She is getting herself a bowl of cereal when her dad comes in.<p>

"Dad? Where have you been?"

"Wallace didn't come home after the dance. Did you see him last night?"

"Only for a moment." she says going into her bedroom and grabs her cellphone. She dials Wallace but it goes straight to voicemail.

"Wallace...Call me please...I don't think I can handle losing another friend."

End
file.